MARVEL
PSR 39

AUSTEN
CALAFIORE
MCKENNA

EXILES®

KING HYPERION
2 OF 3

Transparency
Digital

WASHINGTON, D.C.

I think we can safely assume we've removed the *mutant threat,* Mister President.

Yeah, and thank God I signed *that* Pentagon budget rider--eh, Gyrich?

Even after all the *stink* the Democrats made about it.

*"We don't need to pay for Sentinels... we have the **Avengers** to protect us."*

In the end, the Avengers were just as bad as those *muties.*

Maybe even worse, the buncha *race traitors.*

I'd be as dead as *Captain America* is right now if I listened to *that* horse-hockey.

Probably.

But the mutant problem is nearly ended, sir, and--

President Kelly! Mister Gyrich!

Magneto's done it! He's launched the asteroid at us!

Big enough to destroy the Earth --

"--we've got less than twenty-four hours!"

THE PENTAGON
CORE MIND FOR
THE SENTINELS

With the destruction of Xavier's home base, there are only a *few* mutants left, Colonel Ross...

...easy prey for the *Sentinels.*

So that should be the *end* of the mutie threat, other than Magneto and his people on *Asteroid M.*

And they'll be taken care of as soon as our *spaceborne* prototype Sentinels are completed.

Professor Charles Xavier: Deceased

Cyclops: Deceased

Yes sir, barring any *new* mutant births getting by our monitoring system--

Colossus: Deceased? Error! Reported deceased and also presently located in Colorado

Warning! Warning! New mutant presence detected!

Shadowcat: Presently located in Colorado

Firestar: Deceased

Sabra: Deceased

Sunspot: Deceased

What's going on *now?*

I don't know...maybe some mutant has *resuscitated.*

I'll bring it up on screen.

First and second Sentinel waves destroyed. Send advanced third wave.

Two miles from Storm Field.

No, this isn't resuscitation...most of these mutants are either *unregistered* or *unknown.*

Maybe it's a group of *dimensional teleporters* like back in '98.

Colossus: Reported deceased. Error!

Shadowcat: Colorado

Gambit: Reported deceased. Error!

Unknown superpowered entity: Location tracking

Storm: Presently located within Storm Field. Impenetrable.

Unknown superpowered entity: Location tracking

Vanisher: Presently located within Storm Field. Impenetrable.

Unknown superpowered entity: Colorado

Or more *Skrulls?*

Well, take them *out.* Take them *all* out, and we'll sort things later.

But why does it say *"location tracking"* on those two?

KRAKOOOOM!

TZZZZZZ!

SHBOOM!!

W-who?

Hey, Hyperion! Save some for me!

What good is *backup* if you leave me halfway across the continent?

FZZZZZ

"Why yes, Ms. Marvel. Thank you oh-so-much for being there and covering my back."

Jerk.

FWOOSH

AAAHH!

Aaah, that *burns!*

Hyperion! Little *help* here!

My blasts take a second to *recharge.*

I'm busy.

You're *what?!*

FZZAAGGK

Warning! Warning! Main core temperature approaching critical!

Not critical *enough.*

It couldn't wait five seconds?!

Five seconds to blow these things away?!

After what we shared back at the X-Mansion, the LEAST you could do is pop a couple of HEADS for me!

Blast a couple of heads, and THEN blow up that COMPUTER THINGIE!

KWOOOOOM

The "computer thingie" takes them *all* out, Ms. Marvel--

--including the ones attacking *you*.

Happy?

System error. Main unit down. Rerouting to...

WHMMMMMMMMMM

--sending in the spaceborne Sentinels with ***nuclear warheads*** should be enough to jolt it.

The second thing we need to figure out is if our Idaho bunker is ***deep enough*** to withstand the initial impacts.

If we move all critical personnel to--

THOOOOM

What was ***that?***

Listen!

I don't hear the Sentinels ***power-humming*** anymore!

Sir, that's ***impossible.*** Their power comes directly from the ***Pentagon.***

Don't go getting ***paranoid*** on me, now. Your country ***needs*** you.

AAAAHHH!

So what happened?

BOULDER, COLORADO

The Sentinels just...*fell* all of a sudden

Hyperion *lives up* to his word--eh, Gambit?

Not that I ever *doubted* the big guy for a *second*.

We're *pals*, you know, he and I.

Let's get going.

Ho d on, Kitty

Thank you, Peter

We should get to *Storm's city* before these robots come back online...

...who knows what Hyperion did, or how long it will *last.*

Storm will probably send out her *teleporter* to get us.

TELEPORTER?!

Man, I *hate* teleporting

Makes me *nauseous,* and not n that good, too many churros and chili dogs, then go on a roller coaster kind of way

Whoa. Look at *that!*

It s a regular *Sentinel graveyard* down there!

Nice ,ob Stormy

Storm and *Vanisher* are the only two mutants left on Earth besides us.

Everyone e se either joined up with the *X-Men* and *died...* or took off into space with *Magneto.*

I doubt Storm will join with *Hyperion...* she refused *Xavier,* after all.

And near as I can tell, she doesn t care about anyone except *her-self.*

Is that so?

ASTEROID M
HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH

Father. The Sentinels are offline.

They're gone! They've dropped dead over the United States.

We can go back!

Slow down, Quicksilver

There are no *superhumans* left on the planet. .

No one we've ever *seen* before. Some *new guy*. Now we can return to Earth and *reclaim* what's *rightfully ours!*

No.

I have no desire to *stop* the destruction of the human race.

Forge informed me that even with the malfunction on the launch mechanism that the asteroid is in a *descending orbit* and will burn through the atmosphere less than *fifteen hours* from now.

There's *no turning back*

The Sentinel base has been shut down

It looks like some sort of super human *destroyed* the base. The inhibitor field *fell* with the destruction of the *Master Mold Core.*

Who did it?

But...

. we would n't want to leave our genetic brethren *behind,* would we? The *traitors* who sided with Xavier *against* us?

Not when we need *servants* to attend us here

WASHINGTON

The President is dead

Long live the king.

So who's *next*?

Who else do we have to *take out* before the world is *ours*?

England? France? Russia?

Genosha?

I *love* what you've done with the place, sugah.

Magneto and the Brotherhood.

..if we're supposed to make sure the last ten mutants in this reality are ***dead,*** these guys are our ***prime targets.***

This world is ***mine*** now, Magneto

I will protect it from whatever ***threat*** you think you might pose.

I have launched an ***asteroid*** which is even now plummeting towards the surface of the Earth.

I came here to offer you an opportunity for ***salvation*** with us in space.

But I see ***now*** that you might prefer to rule over the ashes of a ***dead world.***

Reconsider and ***join*** us--your genetic equals--or remain and ***die.***

The choice is ***yours.***

And I offer your ***"Brotherhood"*** a choice.

Stop the asteroid, save my planet and remain with ***me--***

or ***die.***

Don't you mean, rule this planet *beneath* me?

Magneto is beneath *no one.* We decline

Don't *you* mean, join us- your genetic equals and *serve* us?

There is no "*we*," Magneto. Your *Brotherhood* has the choice. Not you.

I only need *some* of you to survive n order to stay in this reality

Your death will be meaningless.

Please. Such *posturing.* Let's end this.

Brotherhood, kill them *both.*

SNIKT!

SNIKT!

THE STORM FIELD

So how long are we going to *wait* here, Gambit? It's been, like, an *hour.*

Give it a *rest,* Spider

Kitty said Storm would send the teleporter and so far she's been right about *everything.* So sit back and enjoy the scenery

So...this world's version of me and you have been together for--

Four years. And you're *just like* him--

--except for that trying to *kill me* thing yesterday

I didn't know you then...we have these *missions,* and sometimes you just--

--I would never have--

I *understand* your situation, Peter. Hopping from dimension to dimension, just wanting to get home to family and friends--and *normalcy.*

If I had your life-- if *my* family's lives were hanging in the balance-- I would probably do whatever it took to make things right, too.

Probably.

The thing is, I honestly *don't* think we're ever really going to get to go home anymore.

The *Timebroker*-- you remember, the man who took us from our realities and gave us these missions--

--well, he sent *Angel* home and--

--or he *says* he did--I don't know. It's been *months* of this life with no end in sight, and sometimes--

--sometimes I don't know if I can--

It's okay, Peter.

I'm sorry about *your* Colossus, Kitty

Let's not *talk* about it anymore, all right? I don't like thinking about it..

...and really, you're *so much* like him. You're so...

Yeah, *that's* a healthy relationship in the making.

She's just kissing her dead boyfriend, you know!

BLO

OONK!

Alrighty, then. Looks like you guys are all *clean.* All mutants and super-freaks and not a *Sentinel plant* among you.

Who's *in charge* here?

I guess that would be *me.*

Gambit! I'd heard you were *dead,* buddy!

Storm will be *so* p eased--

Well I'm actually not *your* Gamb t...

Nh- It's a long story.

Ookaaayy . you can tell it to us after we arrive.

Everyone gather around the amazing, teleporting *Vanisher!*

Milady *Storm* awaits

MEANWHILE...

I don't want to kill your minions, Magneto.

Just *you*

The road to him leads through ME, meat!

Fine

H-he's *indestructible.*

No one is indestructible, Mystique.

Rogue, Iceman. Take him *down.*

Make him *suffer* for offending us.

Did you *hear* me?

I gave you an ORDER!

Reconsider this, Magneto... let's stop the *asteroid* first!

None of us really want to float through space *forever,* big guy.

This is our chance to take the world and make it our *own.* No Sentinels, *us* in charge.

Who *cares* who runs it?

And I bet Hyperion'll let you *live* if you stop the asteroid

LET me live?

Stop the asteroid, Magneto

Stop the asteroid, or I'll *implode* your head.

I--

--will tear--

--your heart out!

The iron in your blood will boil through your skin--

I am not of this Earth--

BLAM BLAM BLAM

--not of any Earth--

--and my blood contains no iron.

TZZZZ

Stop it, Magneto.

What are you *doing*?

Where are you *taking* me?

To stop the asteroid.

Give up this garbage and face the *inevitable,* Magneto.

You *cannot* defeat me.

Everyone has an *Achilles heel!*

Only *Achilles* had an Achilles heel.

I cannot be stopped.

This...this intense speed through the atmosphere is burning me!

Stop this asteroid and *maybe* I'll care.

No.

Stop the asteroid, Magneto, or I'll toss your pieces across the globe!

I said n--

FZZAAAAMM

TO BE CONCLUDED